THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUGUST, 1813.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. PIOZZI.

"At length burst forth two candidates for fame,
A Scotchman one, and one a London dame."

DR. WALCOT.

OF the three biographers who were so anxious to inform the world how intimate they were with the Colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson, this lady is the only survivor. Sir John Hawkins died in 1789, and Boswell, who, amid all his frivolity of anecdote, has compiled a most entertaining book, was not long since gathered to the tomb of his ancestors.

Hester Lynch Piozzi, better known by the name of Thrale, is the daughter of John Salisbury, of Bach y Graig, in the county of Flint, Esq. by Hester Maria, daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton, of Cumbermere, in Cheshire, Bart. Her parents were married in the year 1739, as it appears by an inscription written by Dr. Johnson, in memory of her mother. Her uncle, by her father's side, was Sir Thomas Salisbury, a gentleman who rose

to considerable eminence as a civilian in Doctors' Commons. Early in life, she united herself in wedlock with Mr. Henry Thrale, whose ancestor, from a low station, acquired a large fortune, with reputation, as a brewer, in the Borough. Mrs. Thrale having had a very careful education, early aspired to literature, and, by means of the friendly intercourse which subsisted between her family and Dr. Johnson, has obtained no small portion of literary reputation. We give her first acquaintance with this gentleman in her own words:—

"The first time I ever saw this extraordinary man, was in the year 1764, when Mr. Murphy, who had long been the friend and confidential intimate of Mr. Thrale, persuaded him to *wish* for Dr. Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuse for the invitation. The celebrated Mr. Woodhouse, a shoemaker, whose verses were at that time the subject of common discourse, soon afforded a pretence, and Mr. Murphy brought Dr. Johnson to meet him, giving me general cautions, not to be surprised at his figure, dress, or behaviour. Dr. Johnson liked his new acquaintance so much, however, that, from that time, he dined with us every Thursday throughout the winter, and, in the autumn of the next year, he followed us to Brighthelmstone, whence we were gone before his arrival, so that he was disappointed and enraged, and wrote us a letter expressive of anger, which we were very desirous to pacify, and to obtain his company, if possible. Mr. Murphy brought him back to us again, very kindly, and from that time his visits grew more frequent, till, in the year 1766, his health, which he had often complained of, grew so exceedingly bad, that he could not stir out of his room, in the court he inhabited, for many weeks together, I think months."

At this juncture, Mr. Thrale desired his wife to offer Dr. Johnson an asylum at Streatham, and to request that

he would quit the habitation of a close court, for his country residence, where she had the happiness of contributing to the restoration of the Doctor's health, who, from that period, became a constant visitor, and, for the greater part of his time, an inmate in the family. After this event, which appears the most conspicuous part of Mrs. Thrale's life, years passed on with few varieties; the even tenor of her days was only interrupted by the increase or diminution of her family. Domestic employments, and literary pursuits, filled up her time. In the company of the erudite Johnson, she obtained reputation and respect, and acquired from his conversation an enlargement of her intellectual faculties, which she appears to have cultivated with great diligence and success. In 1773, she lost her mother, and in 1781, death deprived her of her husband. From this period she probably resolved to release herself from the restraints which the unaccommodating manners of Dr. Johnson had laid upon her. With great candour, she has informed the world, that after Mr. Thrale's decease (who had a very powerful influence over the Doctor, and could make him suppress many rough answers, and soften many of his asperities), it grew extremely perplexing to her, and difficult to live in the house with him. He grew capricious, both in his attachments and dislikes, and would scarcely permit persons to come to the house, whom it was absolutely necessary for her to see.

In consequence of this repulsive conduct, she took advantage of a law-suit, and pleaded inability of purse to remain longer in London and its vicinity; she had been crossed in her intentions of going abroad, and found it convenient, for every reason of health, peace, and pecuniary circumstances, to retire to Bath, where she knew Dr. Johnson would not follow her. The measure being adopted, it was immediately carried into execution. She continued, however, to correspond with the Doctor, until the time

nearly of her marriage to Mr. Piozzi, which took place July 22, 1784. It has generally been supposed that a warm, if not a rude, expostulation, on the part of the Doctor, against this step, dissolved a friendship of almost twenty years.

Soon after her union with Mr. Piozzi, she left England, and has since visited many parts of Europe. During her residence in Florence, she, together with some English gentlemen, formed a Miscellany, under the title of *Della Crusca.* Among her performances in this collection, were, The Three Warnings, a tale; a Translation of Boilieu's Epistles to his Gardener, first printed in Mrs. William's Miscellanies; and a Prologue to the Royal Suppliants, with many others. Her last work which she published, is, we believe, entited British Synonymy, in two volumes octavo.

C.

TO CLEAN OIL CLOTHS THAT ARE LAID ON FLOORS.

From the Family Assistant.

THE best method of keeping these in proper order is, to dry rub them every day, because it not only keeps them clean, but also preserves them better than any thing that can be mentioned, for when mops are used they soon wear out. Once every week let them be turned upside down; and once every month let them be rubbed over with milk, and hung out to dry, then let them be rubbed over with a cloth, and they will look as well as at first.

VIVALDI, A ROMANCE.

"Who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father, the father of no son but thee."

OSSIAN.

WITH a heavy heart, and disconsolate step, the young Count Vivaldi retired from the chamber of his dying mother; grief oppressed his heart; he sought the recesses of his garden, and indulged his sorrows in meditation. Nor small was the cause of woe; two moons had now passed away, since his father left the castle, in order to pay a friendly visit of a few days, at the mansion of the Marquis Runaldi. The time arrived when he had promised to return, yet he came not; a month passed on; messengers were dispatched to the Castle of Runaldi; the answer was, that the Count had departed with his servant, on the appointed day, and that they had heard no tidings of him since. Young Vivaldi now determined to set out on the search himself; but his mother, whose weak frame had been agitated more than it could bear, was taken dangerously ill, and he devoted another week to her attendance; but in vain; death laid his cold hand upon her, and Vivaldi found himself an orphan. Soon as the funeral rites were over, the Count, attended only by one servant, set out in search of his lost parent; doubts oppressed his mind; he feared some treachery might have been used against him; he knew the passionate temper of Runaldi, and from his vehemence had every thing to apprehend; though he there first determined to direct his course. It was three days' journey. On the evening of the second day, the sun shone with splendour; it was a beauteous scene; all na-

ture seemed to slumber in tranquil happiness; the thick wood through which they were passing shielded them from the heat; Vivaldi resigned himself to reflection, and throwing the reins on the neck of his beast, folded his arms, and was soon lost to every thing but his misfortunes. In the mean time, night came on, and surprised him in his situation; it was dusk, and their way lonely and unfrequented, except by robbers. Vivaldi bade his servant be wary, and spurring his horse, hoped to reach the place where they were to rest for the night, before the darkness quite impeded their progress. But they had yet many miles to ride, when they found it impossible to proceed so quickly, and their jaded horses were not sorry to exchange their gallop for their slowest pace, which yet could not prevent them from stumbling almost at every step.

The clattering of horses' hoofs was now heard. Vivaldi drew his sword; the servant did the same. Five horsemen surrounded them, armed with spears; one of whom instantly commanded them to yield up every thing which was valuable into their hands. Vivaldi refused, and the foremost of the robbers soon lay prostrate on the earth. But they were overpowered by numbers, and, surrounded by their unwelcome attendants, were guided from the public path along the secret passes of the robbers, to their haunt. They heard their conquerors vow vengeance against them, and promise the direst torments in return for their resistance. Morn began to put aside the curtains of night, and again prepared to bless mankind, when our travellers reached a ruined castle; their leader blew a few notes from a small horn he had strung round his waist, and two large folding doors opened, which seemed once to have belonged to the vaults of the castle in its prosperity. Seated round a large table, Vivaldi beheld fifteen or twenty young men, enjoying a plentiful repast. "You are last, Rugan," said the Captain, who appeared to be under the influence of the juice of the grape; "what have

you taken?" "Two horsemen, who have killed one of our party; but it is a rich prize; for the weight of this youngster's purse almost compensates for the loss of our comrade." "Take them to a dungeon, Rugan; and to-morrow they shall be hurled headlong down the precipice." Vivaldi heard not the words of the Captain; his eyes were rivetted on a female, who, clothed in deep mourning, was seated by the side of the robber: her face was beauty's self, and a deep sadness which overspread it, gave it a more interesting appearance: she seemed to pity the fate of the travellers, but, at the mention of the precipice, the remaining colour fled from her countenance, and a deep groan issued from her lovely breast. The robber prepared to obey his orders, and Vivaldi was torn from the sight of the fair unknown, and cast, with his servant, into a dungeon, so deep, so dark, so comfortless, that he shuddered as the door closed, and immured him from the world. Here the lovely female filled his thoughts; he dreaded not his own misfortunes, he thought not of his approaching fate; his fancy represented her as some unfortunate traveller, like himself, perhaps on an errand of charity, who had fallen into the hands of these barbarians. In the midst of his meditations, he was aroused by a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from the other side of the wall. Vivaldi cried aloud, "What wretch art thou, who, in these haunts of danger and infamy, bemoaneth so deeply?" A faint voice answered, "Whosoever thou art, I beseech thee assist the Count Vivaldi, who has been two days without food, and begins to sink beneath the weight of hunger and disease!" Vivaldi could only exclaim, "Alas! it is my father!" before he sunk on the ground, overpowered with his emotions.

The wall which separated the dungeons was by time decayed, and when the old Count heard the voice of his son, in the first violence of his agitation, he ran with all his force against it; which, yielding to the attack, gave way; a large quantity of it fell back, happily without injuring

those on the other side, and Vivaldi and his long-lost father embraced each other in all the ecstasy of filial love and parental fondness.

Shall I attempt to describe their mutual feelings on this unexpected occasion? It would be in vain; I leave it to the imagination of the reader. When their first transports were over, the recollection of their situation drove them to distraction. "At least, we will die together!" exclaimed Vivaldi, and, in agony of thought, they waited the fatal moment. The old Count now sank on the floor, exhausted, as he said, by hunger. In such a situation, what could be done? No provision could be obtained in such a place. The Count continued very ill, when the servant who was confined with them drew from a pocket in his waistcoat a small leathern bottle, filled with wine, which he said he always carried when on a journey. This revived the Count, and he again stood upon his feet. A day, a dark and dismal day to the prisoners, now passed on; no provisions had been brought, and they feared they were to linger in the pangs of hunger. Vivaldi's repeater told him it was ten o'clock; day and night was the same to them. A hollow noise, like the sound of footsteps, now echoed along the passage which led to their prison; in a few minutes, they heard the bolts of the door drawn back, and the lady who sat by the side of the Captain, attended by one of the robbers, entered the place. On seeing the Count, she started back with astonishment, and retreated a few steps towards the door. Vivaldi exclaimed, "Speak! thou lovely excellence; on what errand art thou come to this noisome dungeon?" She answered, "I come to set you and your servant at liberty, upon condition that you will convey me to a place of safety, and reward this man, who has assisted me in my operations.—But what stranger is that?" "It is my dear, long-lost parent," said Vivaldi, "from whom I will never more part;" and then he related how they had discovered each other. "I know him,"

said the lady; "we were taken by the banditti on the same night I was hastening to a dying sister." "And I," said the Count, "was returning home from the castle of Runaldi." "You seem faint, old man. Leon, you brought food; it is but homely, Signior, but it will refresh you." They promised to fulfil all the conditions the lady had proposed, and, following her footsteps and those of the repentant robber, they reached the outer gate, all the robbers being gone on plundering excursions for that night; there they found their horses, and two more belonging to the robbers. With light hearts they sallied from the ruins. On their way, the lady told them in what manner she had procured the keys. As a lady, and a beautiful one, the boisterous robbers had even treated her with kindness, and she had undergone nothing unpleasant, except the addresses of the Captain. She acknowledged she was struck with the youthful appearance of Vivaldi, and determined, if possible, to save him. One robber that night was left to watch the haunts; she promised him great reward and secresy; he acknowledged he was tired of that way of life, and yielded the keys to his tempter.

Need it be added, that Vivaldi, charmed with his fair deliverer, offered his person and fortune to her acceptance, which she (the daughter of a country gentleman) received; that they returned to the castle of Vivaldi, and passed their future days in peace and harmony, clouded only by the death of the old Countess, the excellent wife of the Count, and mother of Vivaldi.

R. PORTER.

CONJUGAL WIT.

A French lady wrote this letter to her husband. "*Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire; je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à dire.*

HARRIET;

OR, THE NOVICE;

A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

(Continued from page 21.)

CHAP. II.

More characters, and a description of a fashionable party.

THE lady, under whose roof Harriet now resided, possessed no decided character: whatever she had a desire to do, whether right or wrong, was founded in chance, or accomplished through caprice, either of which at times presided with ungovernable sway; and she gained credit for many a good action in which neither her head, nor her heart, had the smallest share of merit. She welcomed Harriet to her house with the greatest demonstration of joy, which was indeed in some degree real, as a new face always possessed attractions; and although these *acquaintances* had scarcely seen each other before, they found each other so prepossessing in manners, that each concluded an inviolable attachment must be the consequence. On the part of Harriet, we might make some excuse; she was young and inexperienced; not so Lady Carruthers, who was at least twelve years older; she had formed a hundred such friendships, which she had as quickly broken. However, this connexion she *protested*, should remain unshaken for ever; and Harriet, who found her perfectly goodnatured, a quality which was of sufficient recommendation to her young heart, blessed the day that she had ever seen the amiable Lady Carruthers, and, by the time dinner was concluded, and the desert placed on the table, such an effect had the

frankness of her hostess on her, that, ere one little hour had passed, she made her ladyship the great repository of all her little secrets. They became as intimate as if they had been acquainted, or rather as if they had been sworn *friends* for many years; they laughed, they romped, they played, and sung together, and Harriet had not been there above two or three days before she could enter into a dispute with her hostess, whether Captain Beaumont, or Colonel Dentall, had the whitest teeth; which had the most irresistible way of addressing a lady; which looked best in regimentals, or which was the *nicest* man.

One week had glided away in the pleasures of fashionable life, and permission as readily given for a second by Mrs. Seabright, when Lady Carruthers proposed, in honour of her young visitor, to be "at home;" in other words to give a *petit souper* to six hundred people. This she was well enabled to do with much taste and profusion; for her husband, who had been dead four long months, had left her an ample fortune. The great, the mighty day, big with the fate of Waltzes and Vingt-un, at length was fixed; the cards of invitation were dispersed, and Harriet felt, for the first time in her life, that she was to expect pleasure in a crowded room. She was to do as she pleased, and what young lady but likes that? And then she was to become the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women. "Such eyes, such a figure as yours, my dear Harriet," would Lady Carruthers say to her *elève*, "have been too long hidden in obscurity; you need but be seen to be admired; and the time, I have no doubt, will soon arrive,—that is, if you are *prudent*,—when I flatter myself I shall see you a Duchess, or a Countess, at least. These hints respecting her future conduct, and many others too tiresome to relate, prepared her young friend for her *debut*, which, at the proper time, arrived. To describe the chalked floors, the flower dressed passages, the etruscan ornaments, the number of card tables, the names of the dancers, with all the *et cetera* of a fashionable

rout, would be only to recount what is usually detailed in every newspaper, on such occasions; suffice it to say that some money was lost and won. The reason Lady A. had left her Lord was clearly ascertained; the Regent was made to say many a speech he had never thought of; the merits of the Exhibition was *ably discussed*, and the uniforms of the Guards and the tenth Light Dragoons underwent the most *delicate investigation*. Harriet, from the very flattering manner in which she had been introduced, was all life and animation.—What female is proof against a throng of admirers? for such were now buzzing round her. She is once more at the top of the dance. "I'll go no more to your town," is called for. Again the tabor and cymbals beat time; compliments are poured into her ears; her partner's hand presses hers; her head gets dizzy with delight; her heart bounds with enjoyment, and Cora, and her friend Lavinia Clifford, are for the present totally forgotten. The dancing concluded, the ladies are led, fatigued, to their seats. The sun, now darting through every avenue, sets the lights at defiance; the carriage "stops the way," and disperses; to which Townsend makes his bow, and retires, and, to use the words of our aforesaid friends the Newspaper Editors, "the company separate well pleased, fascinated, and contented, with the hospitality of their charming hostess;" that is to say, some left the place with empty pockets; some with hearts bursting with envy, many with all the pangs of jealousy, and all with every faculty of body and mind completely exhausted.

When Harriet arose, which was not before two o'clock the following day, all the magic of the preceding evening recurred to her imagination, when she contemplated the most prominent circumstances in which self was concerned: the time till after three was spent in the *dejeuné*, and in making remarks on the company; and Lady Carruthers in particular commented on the female part with her usual asperity, and criticised them without

mercy, as fast as the rapidity of her utterance would enable her, while the males came in for their share of praise and blame as they had more or less offered incense at her shrine.

" For heaven's sake, my dear Harriet," for they always called each other my dear, exclaimed Lady Carruthers, " never fall in love. How ridiculous does it make people conduct themselves! What a mope Lord Constant made of himself last Wednesday evening by continually dangling at the elbow of his cream faced deary. I always thought him a *goth.* Pretty soul! I suppose *she* takes all for fact that he promises; but she'll soon know the difference should he marry her, though I should hardly think he would do that; no, George is no fool, he once paid his addresses to me; but I should detest myself did I harbour so low a passion. Did you mind Lady Grim's head? frizzed out in front for all the world like horse-hair bursting from an old sofa seat. Do you know I've an idea! that those brilliants in Bob Fungis's ring are mock, and old Countess Crum, how vastly unpleasant to be in that woman's company fidgetting and fretting at every paltry pound she loses; but one must ask her; for really the *creature* knows every body, and gives good parties. Half past two," continued her Ladyship, yawning, " lud, I thought it was much later. What a pretty bauble is that, my dear? surveying a watch locket that hung round Harriet's neck. Does it go? The time drags wretchedly heavy here; let us, my love, retire, and make ourselves *decent.* How horridly yellow I look; don't I? It is a wretched piece of looking glass." So saying, and without waiting for Harriet's answer, she dragged her up stairs to arrange herself, as she expressed it, to be fit for Morning *callers.*

(To be continued.)

SECOND LOVE;

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 326.)

"Doubtless, Signior Torsedillas de Talavera," said his friend, the licentiate Truxillo, "you are convinced that your little Seraphina is as errant a jilt as ever strung a rosary. Are you really determined that Compostella should boast of a man as mad as Don Quixote himself? or——" "Peace, Truxillo," said the mortified Talavera, "I came not here to be the subject of your derision. The spectator at an *Au-to de fé* feels not the faggot of the criminal; and in sheltering yourself under your insensibility, you would fain be deemed a philosopher." The indifference of the artless Seraphina, as Don Talavera imagined her, had been for some time evidently increasing, when the man who adored her resolved to wait on his friend, the licentiate, and to inform him of those occurrences which, for the last four months, had passed under the roof of his mistress: he had, as usual with lovers, asked the advice of his friend, with an intention to follow it, if it coincided with his desires. It was the second, nay the third time that Truxillo was obliged to hear the letters of a girl, seemingly unacquainted with the world.

In fact, Seraphina acted as many a sophist had done before her, she really was by nature fickle and inconstant; and she wished to plead, as an excuse for her conduct, her duty to her aunt; and gave herself credit for a virtue that was the effect of her regard for a younger rival. Jaques de Muralto had been introduced to her aunt by her now obsequious nephew; he had become, he knew

not why, the favorite of the maidenly Donna; and any common spectator might have discerned, it was much more natural for a girl of eighteen to become enamoured of a young man, like Jaques de Muralto, than the mature and reflecting Don Torsedillas de Talavera. It may be asked, what could have occasioned this extraordinary change; for the ideas of Seraphina altered as quickly as the talisman of the magician transforms the phantom he has conjured up to the eye of credulity. Don Torsedillas was a man who had been acquainted with many a check to his happiness; his spirits had become subdued to a regular pace: it is true, he smiled; at times his manners were lively; but regarding Seraphina as the casket which contained all he valued upon earth, he watched over her as a father over his daughter; their conversation was of an improving nature, and his conduct towards his cherished fair was, even in his gayest moods, tender, yet respectful; attached to literature, and the arts, his discourse would assume a philosophical tone, and the enthusiasm of Seraphina made her fancy at one time that he was almost as good a man as his confessor. But Jaques de Muralto was certainly a most delightful companion; he danced the bolero and fandango; he sung and played on several instruments; he could spear the wildest bull in the fight; he was young, ardent, and tender. What Spanish maiden could resist his attentions? what damsel forego the ardour of his embrace? Not the impassioned Seraphina. She now began to see the extreme wickedness of uniting herself with a heretic, and the extreme impropriety of marrying against the consent of her dear aunt; and, instead of looking forward with anxiety to the return of Don Torsedillas de Talavera, she only considered how she should answer those ardent letters of affection; or how recant those professions of personal regard which she had formerly manifested. It was about the end of a month that Talavera returned, when Jaques de Muralto had

also returned to Italy, and Talavera was received in a manner to him unaccountable. No undisguised professions of esteem broke from the lips of the once careless Seraphina; no returned pressure caused the heart of her now rejected lover to throb with delight. It added to his amazement, to find that Donna Ursula treated him with kindness; she had seen with pleasure the vacuum in the heart of Seraphina filled up by a handsome young knight of the order of the *Saint Esprit;* and Ursula, although she had attained an advanced age, was not insensible to manly beauty; and Jaques de Muralto, although he could scarcely decipher his own hand writing, was young, handsome, and a Catholic. How then did Seraphina entertain him? Don Torsedillas de Talavera, on his return, truly recapitulated all the errors of his conduct as long as she had become acquainted with him; but what served her cause the more effectively was, the determination of her aunt and brother, which she now informed Talavera of, never to give their consent to her union with him.

This dissimulation was certainly pretty well for the novice, Seraphina; she could now amuse herself with her affected continued passion for him. "You know, my dear Talavera," she exclaimed, "how I love you; but never will I espouse the man with whom my friends are at enmity." Her handkerchief was now applied to her eyes; she shed tears; for Jaques de Muralto had been at Lisbon a week, and had sent no answer to her letters.

The situation of Don Torsedillas de Talavera became no longer an enviable one. Donna Ursula, fearful lest he should again resume that power over Seraphina he once so firmly held, informed him that his presence was no longer welcome, and although Seraphina, in the absence of her dear Jaques, returned some affectionate attentions; yet the frequent alleged objection, or some fresh story

to the prejudice of Don Talavera, which she now devoured with a greedy ear, would embitter the reconciliation which Seraphina, in conscience, could not refuse to the respectful conduct of her rejected lover.

It may be asked, what became of Don Cignola and his affianced bride. Alas! Torsedillas had now nothing to hope from them; they resided at some distance from the scene of action; he was too much occupied with the cares of his own estate, too much a votary of prudence to wish his sister to marry a man whose fortune was not large; and his wife was too dutiful to interfere in what her husband had a disrelish for. After this interview with Don Truxillo, which we have related, Don Talavera desisted in his visits to the castello of Donna Ursula. He had become acquainted at Salamanca with Rosalva.

With the renewal of her friendship, he also renewed that of Henriquez Nunno and Ferdinand de Clara, her cousins; they were well acquainted with the affair of Jaques de Muralto; they informed him of every circumstance; they even offered to shew him letters in which the lovely Seraphina, in writing to her dear Jaques, had avowed a tender passion for him. This the infatuated Torsedillas would never believe; he informed Seraphina of this, which, of course, she denied, confessing, after some hesitation, that finding she could never espouse him, and being pressed to a marriage with Jaques de Muralto, she would, in despite of herself, accompany the young soldier to the altar, although she could never love him; but in this she should feel an inward satisfaction, as she should sacrifice her own happiness to the wishes of her friends. This was indeed a refinement that was too sublime for the conception even of Don Talavera; had she done this, she would have been no doubt happy in thus accomplishing her duty, as she sophistically called it; but she was in pity, we presume, spared this cruel test of duty simply by Jaques de

Muralto marrying another lady. It may very rationally be imagined, that Don Torsedillas, seeing at length through this tissue of caprice, recovered his peace of mind: this was not the case; bantered by his friends, hated by her he once adored, he still carried the wound about him: to be disappointed a second time, required some little philosophy to overcome, and he never possessed much of this necessary ingredient of content; he dared yet to indulge hope; he viewed every action of hers with a too fond partiality, till at length his once beloved Seraphina became the wife of a Grandee of immense property. Incapable of concealing his chagrin, and unable to withstand the ridicule of his friends, he tore himself from scenes where every tree served but to remind him that he was *once* happy; and suddenly disappeared. As he had nearly spent his fortune, in his silly expedients to recover his peace of mind, it was reported, that he either died by his own hands, or had joined the banditti of the mountains; or, disgusted with the world, had spun out his existence in hermetic seclusion.

The lovely Seraphina was the pride of her husband, the Marquis Balsançon; she lived happily, and the union of Don Cignola with the fair Camilla Ordonnez was productive of children who inherited the virtues and the fortunes of their parents; while the name of Don Torsedillas de Talavera was as little remembered as if it had never been.

DE COURAYER.

TO CLEAN CHAIRS.

Drop some linseed oil upon a woollen rag, and rub the chairs with it, and then rub them hard with a dry cloth, until they appear bright; then rub some yellow wax on a hard brush, and brush them all over; then take a rough woollen cloth, and again rub them, and they will look as well as when new.

THE MORALIST.

NO. III.

"Oh, while I speak, I feel my bosom swell;
My raptures smother what I long to tell."

PARNELL.

It has been erroneously advanced by impiety and inconsiderate youth, that religion, instead of making the mind more disposed to allow for the failings of others, narrows the generosity of our sentiments, and contracts the heart: this opinion appears to have been formed from a view of the conduct of certain gloomy fanatics; still, a doctrine so preposterous is easy to be controverted by the experimental Christian.

That a regular profession of religion renders a man unwilling to mix with the most glaring follies and wickednesses of the world, is most true; he will feel himself smart under the lash of the licentious, if he refuse the cup of drunkenness, or the haunts of dissipation; yet, in his maddest mood, the libertine, perhaps, is not insensible to the admonitions of friendship; for he would not be his real friend who could join him in these orgies, where his body and soul must meet contamination.

Age and trouble may bow down the disciple of Jesus, and the gift of companionship may be wanting; but the heart still beats for another's welfare, although the lips may be inditing holy matter. If there should be professors of that religion, whose law is love, of severe deportment, let them recollect, that while they are clothing it in a repulsive garb, however well grounded they may be in faith, they may deter many a youthful follower from

adopting those virtues, which he may conceive are too austere for him to imitate. It is very easy to assume a disappointed demeanour, which is productive of no good; but a life of active benevolence is far more difficult to practise, and is the real essence of that piety, of which mortifying looks are only the shadow. I have often thought, with deference, that the aged are sometimes too severe in their behaviour towards youth; inasmuch, as they expect, in the hey-dey of early adolescence, all those religious feelings, which ought to be the result of a gradual conviction, growing by degrees in the heart.

To connect one's self nearly and dearly to Heaven, the heart must be weaned from earth; we must no longer see those vanities in a pleasurable light, to have a wish to leave them; therefore the young, who have as yet only known disappointment and trouble by name, although they may have been trained in early religious habits, yet they cannot be insensible to enjoyments, as they then conceive them, without alloy. Children may be very religious, while enthusiasm supports its fervour; but trials and temptations can only make them love God for his sake. Let, then, those who are superabundantly religious, have a care that they do not overturn a structure which they would raise in the young, by making Christianity a tyrannical religion, a religion of terror and moroseness, where the charities of life are to be suppressed, and where a self-denial of innocent pleasures are expected. Methinks I hear some one say, that, in these degenerate days, a moralist has little to fear from over piety in the days of youth. To such, I answer, that I would render it more general, by causing it to arise naturally from the heart, and to make them believe the Almighty to be as he is, however, in justice, a punisher of sinners, yet a kind and a merciful God, and increase every sentiment of love in the heart of infant adorers.

Was there any of this pomp of religion in our blessed Saviour, who went about literally doing good? What an

amiable example, what a beautiful picture of active piety did he shew! Did he hide his face from his disciples? Was he satisfied in being holy only? Mark the amiable condescension of the Son of God, who, when the disciples thought that little children would be regarded with that religious ostentation which distinguished the Pharisee and Sadducee, received them with joy. How must he have endeared himself to them, when he uttered, "Suffer little children to come unto me!" What a death-stroke to the pride of the bloated and conceited Rabbi who were about him! Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, thought it no degradation to associate with mortals, nor to acknowledge a friendly intercourse with them; for Lazarus, we are told, was the disciple whom Jesus loved, when he raised him from the dead. The Saviour of the world groaned in spirit, and when he came to Jerusalem he wept over it, saying, "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! if thou hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belonged to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." And at another time he exclaimed, "Oh, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee under my wings, as a hen doth her chickens, but ye would not!"

Why, then, ye disciples of such a master, who delight in cavilling, who are so severe towards others, and so indulgent to yourselves, who arrogate to yourselves so much purity by your fasting and your prayers, how do you, in this, imitate the poor publican? Shall man, then, presume to judge his fellow-creature? Will he remember, where only much is given, much is required? Let us then feel that love and charity towards each other, which the Son of God felt for us; and let those who profess religion, entice the giddy and licentious into the path of rectitude, by offices of active benevolence, and make them acknowledge, that real piety does not consist in gloomy terrors, or selfish austerity, and that those pleasures which do not deprave the heart, may be enjoyed. Let them inculcate,

that pure devotion consists in comforting the fatherless, in making the widow's heart to leap for joy, and in living in charity with all mankind; that the Supreme is a God of mercy and forgiveness to those who deserve his beneficence; and that true religion is not an evanescent frenzy, but a gradual flame, warming the heart, and causing it to expand in pity to the failings of others, severe only in practice to our own imperfections.

C.

AN IGNORANT COMMUNICANT.

An ignorant soldier at Quebec, observing some of his comrades stay behind him, at church, asked them, on their coming out, what was the reason? They told him, jeeringly, that the parson had treated them with some wine. "No other liquor?" says the fellow. Seeing he swallowed the bait, they answered, that he might have what liquor he chose. Next Sunday, he staid to have his share; and when the clergyman offered him the wine, he put up his hand to his head, in token of salutation, and said, modestly, "Please your reverence, *I should prefer punch.*"

FRENCH BULL.

A married French lady, who had an intrigue, insisted on having her lover's portrait: he remonstrated on her absurdity, and said it would be proclaiming their amour. "Oh!" said she, "but, to prevent discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

PLAGIARISM.

When an author is once become a favourite with us, we feel a great degree of unwillingness at having the idea of his superior excellence at all lessened. This was the case with me, a few years ago, when I met with some remarkably close passages between Blair, and a writer in the year 1696, of the name of Norris: the passages are certainly too much alike, to admit of the thought that they were elicited by different persons, at very different and distant times, and merely happened to be similar, from the similarity of the subject on which they were writing. They are as follows:

"Some courteous ghost, tell this great secresy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be."

NORRIS.

"Tell us, ye dead! will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose *the secret?*
O that *some courteous ghost* would blab it out,
What 'tis ye are, and we must shortly be!"

BLAIR.

"But 'twas a gross mistake;
Honour, that too officious ill,
Won't even his breathless corpse forsake,
But haunts, and waits about him still.
Strange persecution! when the grave
Can't the distressed martyr save!"

NORRIS.

"*Honour*, that meddlesome *officious ill*,
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor stops there short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance."

BLAIR.

There were several other passages that were close, but not *so close* as these; and these have had the effect of

diminishing a respect, amounting almost to veneration, which I had entertained for "The Grave" of Blair; for, as I before said, they are much too similar to be the effect of accident; and when I have since read Blair, these have always presented themselves to my imagination, and have been a drawback upon every beautiful line, by hinting, as it were, *that* also might be stolen.

Notwithstanding all this, "The Grave" is now, and will continue to be, while the English language shall last, a most charming poem. No author should be condemned for any slight similarity that may be found between his and another's works; for, when two persons are writing on the same subject, it is next to impossible to avoid it. But when we meet with a very glaring plagiarism, it becomes a sort of literary duty to notice it; and in doing so, in the present instance, I wish not to load the memory of Blair with obloquy, but merely to give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.

A. Z.

ANECDOTE

OF WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

William, Duke of Cumberland, gave promises of talents that were never accomplished. One day, he had given some offence to his royal mother, and was remanded to the confinement of his chamber. After what the Queen thought a sufficient duration of his punishment, she sent for him. He returned in a very sullen humour. "What have you been doing?" said the Queen. "Reading." "What book?" "The New Testament." "Very well; what part?" "Where it is said, *Woman, why troublest thou me.*"

CHARLES EDMUNDS;

OR, THE FREETHINKER;

A NOVEL,

BY R. PORTER.

(Continued from page 36.)

CHAP. VI.

LET us now return to Charles. Full of agreeable reflections, he returned to his uncle's, pleased with the success of his well-managed stratagem. To-morrow was to bring him, as he supposed, happiness, not by forced measures, but by Emily's own consent. From these contemplations, his thoughts took a different turn. He reflected that, in the course of a few days, he should be obliged to return to Sussex; what, then, could he do with Emily? This consideration employed his thoughts nearly two hours; at last he concluded, that, after a few days, he would leave her to her fate, abandon her in the midst of the metropolis, without money or friends, and expose her to the mercy of an inhuman landlady, who, he doubted not, for the sake of procuring her rent, would oblige her to seek a livelihood by the prostitution of her person. Wrapt up in these infernal contemplations, he saw the morning dawn, and determined, if possible, to compose himself to slumber. But scarcely had he closed his eyelids, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at his chamber-door, and, at the same instant, Mr. Melville entered. He delivered a letter to Charles, which, he said, a stranger, on horseback, had brought, desiring that it might instantly be de-

livered to the young man himself. The letter was from his brother William, and, after looking it over, he read to his uncle as follows:—

"DEAR CHARLES,

"Depressed as I am in spirits, my trembling hand almost denies its office. Oh! my dear brother, I must inform you, that, this morning, our honoured father has suffered much from an apoplectic fit, and Dr. S——— apprehends a return of the disorder, which, if it should happen, may deprive us of the best of parents. It is his desire that you would accompany the bearer. Fly, my dear Charles, fly to your dying parent and distressed brother. He fears, he says, that his dissolution is at hand, and wishes, if it be possible, to see you before he dies. These are his words; judge how they must have pierced my heart, when I heard him speak them. But I will not waste the precious time in writing. Haste, my dear brother, to the Hall, and that Heaven may spare the life of our father, is the prayer of

"WILLIAM EDMUNDS."

Hardened as was Charles in iniquity, a tear, which nature could not control, trickled down his cheek, but that was all. He instantly arose, and his uncle procured him a *hack*, whilst he prepared himself for his journey. He wrote a note to Emily, stating the cause of his absence, and one to the mistress of the house where she lodged, enjoining her to inform him of all her motions, and to have a strict eye upon her; to supply her with what money she wished to have, and that he would repay her. These matters being settled, he mounted his horse, and set out for his paternal mansion. But, alas! all his speed was ineffectual; death, that irresistible destroyer, had effected his purpose, and, half an hour before their arrival, deprived the expectant father of existence, and he quitted the world with only the regret, that one of his

children could not receive his blessing. Happy old man, well is it for thee that life's troublesome scene is over! Well is it for thee that the Almighty is pleased to take thee from the world!

The meeting of Charles and his brother was on one side cool, on the other, affectionate and kind; and it increased William's sorrow to see that his brother did not pay that tribute to the memory of his father, which, for his kind indulgence, he thought was due.

When every thing was composed, and the remains of Mr. Edmunds were consigned to the grave; when grief had a little subsided, and the will was read, Charles found himself master of twelve thousand pounds. In a few days he came of age, and his creditors demanded the payment of their bonds, which diminished his fortune to ten thousand, obliging him to dispose of the small estate left him by his aunt. The fortune which yet remained, in the hands of a moderate and careful man, might have been abundantly sufficient, not only for necessary comforts, but even for charitable offices. But Charles was disappointed; he expected that his father had been worth double the sum, and, with a desperate resolution, determined to apply to the gaming-table, either to lose what he possessed, or to augment his fortune.

Meditating one day, after dinner, upon his future plans of pleasure and aggrandizement, a letter was brought him from town: it was from Mrs. Mitchell, acquainting him with the elopement of Emily from her house, and desiring to know in what manner to proceed, and who should pay her for the use of her apartment. Charles, on due reflection, did not feel extremely chagrined at this entire overthrow of his stratagem. "She's a queer girl," said he to himself, "and I should never have made any thing of her. I am pleased that I shall have no more trouble on her account." He then sat down to write an answer to Mrs. Mitchell, desiring her to quiet her fears; adding, that when he returned to town, he would discharge her de-

mand. His brother desired him, as long as he pleased, to make the Hall his home, and Charles, for certain reasons, thought fit to accept his offer. Mrs. Edmunds was a beautiful woman, simply elegant, unaffected, and lovely. Her figure was small, but striking, and her face was inexpressibly charming, which, combined with the sweetness of her disposition, and the engaging affability of her manners, inclined one to imagine in her

"All that we believe of heaven."

These charms were not lost on Charles, and he formed a design of enticing her from her duty; deceived by her gaiety and charming conversation, which was only friendship for the brother of her William, he interpreted it into a love for himself. Detested wretch! couldst thou think the virtuous Mrs. Edmunds, who was of angelic nature, could listen to thy seductive wiles? Yes, it was even so. One day, when alone with the object of his desires, he dared to introduce the subject; but how was he mistaken; with a pride which did honour to her sex, she answered him as follows:—"The sorrow I feel to experience such a disposition in the brother of my husband, can only be equalled, Sir, by my grief, to find, that, in my behaviour, I have ever given occasion to that brother to suspect me of irregularity. Little did I think that my foolish vivacity would ever expose me to such a suspicion." Here the tears trickled down her lovely cheeks. "Mr. Edmunds," she continued, "I desire you will leave the Hall to-morrow morning, or I must divulge your behaviour to your brother. If you obey, what has passed shall be buried in oblivion." She could say no more; the flowing tears stopped her utterance, and she left the room. The seducer was thunderstruck. He had expected to find in Mrs. Edmunds another Emily Lester, and, for the first time, he felt a sensation of shame. So much was he awed by the consciousness of virtue which distinguished this amiable woman, that he dared not disobey her com-

mand, and, on the following morning early, he left the mansion, determined to plunge into dissipation, and,

"Like the lawless libertine to rove,
Free and unbounded o'er the wilds of love."

Charles Edmunds soon arrived at the metropolis, and was pleased to find that his uncle, Mr. Melville, had left it for some months' residence at Bath. Thus uncontroled, he plunged into all kinds of debauchery, and daily dissipated his fortune. He had frequently observed, at a certain gaming-house, that an elderly man always appeared to eye him with particular attention; and he also remarked, that, whenever he hazarded considerable sums, fortune generally favoured him, whilst he himself always rose from the table with considerable losses, and disappointed hopes. Returning disconsolate one evening to his lodgings, this stranger touched him by the elbow. "I have something to say to you," said he, and they entered a tavern. Being conducted to a room, the stranger, in a low tone of voice, thus addressed him:—"I have long seen, sir, that you play with great ill luck, and am not without hopes that the proposal I shall make will meet with your approbation. I shall proceed directly to my business. For the sum of one thousand pounds, I will instruct you in the method of loading dice, and render you perfect in numberless nefarious practices, by which you may occasionally win all you play for; does this proposal suit you?" Charles had reduced his fortune to little more than two thousand pounds, when this offer seemed to be held out to save him from penury. He accordingly, without hesitation, accepted the proposal of Mr. Mac Adams (for that was the stranger's name), and having proceeded to his lodgings with him, paid the stipulated sum, and entered upon his lectures. Mr. Mac Adams was a native of Scotland, and the son of a farmer. He was, in his early years, inured to hardships; but, being naturally idle, the laborious employment of assisting his

father in the management of his farm, but ill agreed with his inclination. Young Mac Adams then, at the age of seventeen, left his father's flocks, and turned his face southward, begging his way from town to town, to London, thinking he could there turn his abilities to some better account. During his journey, it is said, he found himself under the necessity of exacting a few pounds from a gentleman upon the road, and upon his arrival in the metropolis, he entered into the service of a respectable tradesman, who had witnessed his distress, and commiserated his condition; but, alas! his worthy master, one morning, was found dead in his bed, the ingenious Mr. Mac Adams absent, and five hundred pounds missing from his master's pocket-book. The young man now turned his thoughts to improving his fortune by gaming, but, finding it impossible to do it fairly, by the help of proper associates, and the strength of his own talents, he soon acquired the art of substituting loaded dice, and became an adept in such *useful* discoveries; and having frequently seen Charles lose great sums at play, he thought it a fit opportunity of advancing his fortune, by commencing tutor in the faculty he practised.

Charles and Mr. Mac Adams were, in private, great friends, and having greatly improved in his profession, Charles determined, ere long, to try his success in public. To effect this, an opportunity offered, but, either through negligence of his tutor's directions, his own awkwardness, or some other cause, he was detected in his knavery, after a few attempts, and, with the execration of the company, kicked out of the room.

Charles, in despair, now communicated his miscarriage to Mac Adams, desiring him, if possible, to assist him in this dilemma; "for," said he, "I have only one hundred pounds left." Mac Adams promised to call the following day, and retired, in order to form a plan of recruiting his own purse, by replenishing that of his friend. Mac Adams was a thorough villain, and, after some con-

sideration, he conceived a plot, which it would have been impossible for him to have formed more truly diabolical.

In the morning, he waited upon his friend Charles, and, with persuasive eloquence, thus accosted him:—"My dear fellow, I have studied your case; but, upon my soul, I can think of no method for redeeming your fortune, but this:—you have a brother; if he die, twenty thousand pounds are your's, or nearly that sum; Edmunds, I say, a pistol might do the office;—what think you?" This was what Charles had yet never thought of, and, in spite of his irreligious principles, a sensation of unspeakable horror curdled his blood. "What! murder my brother?" stammered he; "no, no, I must not do that; no, no." But, alas! these denials were but the feeble effect of sudden surprise; and when the sanguinary reptile, Mac Adams, again betook himself to argument, reasoned concerning his poverty, and described an eligible way to escape suspicion, his feeble resolutions failed, and he determined, on the following morning, to carry his murderous project into effect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Method of destroying the Smell and Effects of rancid Butter.

FROM THE FAMILY ASSISTANT.

WHEN fresh butter has not been salted in proper time, or when salt butter has become rancid or musty, after melting and scumming it, dip in it a crust of bread, well toasted on both sides; and, at the end of a minute or two, the butter will lose its disagreeable odour, but the bread will be found fetid.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXV.

BEING in possession of several letters, on a variety of subjects, I consider it a duty that I owe to my correspondents to submit such as are deserving of immediate attention to the perusal of my readers:—

MR. GOSSIPER,

You must know that I am a great admirer of the Fair Sex, and do intend, in good time, to take unto me a wife; but I have such high notions of matrimonial duty myself, that (as I shall expect my mate to be as careful in the observance of her part as I mean to be of mine) I almost despair of meeting with a fair one, in these days of pomp and vanity, with whom I could have courage enough to embark on the voyage. With what pleasure do I read of the careful and judicious dames of old! methinks (such antediluvian notions do I entertain), I should have been glad to have lived in those times. Why, Mr. Gossiper, a woman once delivered a city; another overcame an army; a third slew a tyrant; nay, there was another, a wife, who, putting herself between her husband's side and his antagonist's blow, saved the one and the other from bloodshed.

She was to her husband such a wife as I shall look for; an helper to his bodily health, by keeping that precious castle, his frame, in good repair. It is a proverb, when a man looks well, to say he has a good wife. She was his nurse to dress and provide him savory meat, such as his heart loved; she dissuaded him from what was hurtful, presented what was wholesome, not in the mode of seeming curiosity, but in a real and cordial carefulness.

She was his welcomer to entertain him from his wet and cold journeys with warmth, with harbour, with comforts and refreshments. For his heart (as mine would do) trusted to her for it; & no cold, heats, damps, or ill accommodation, were wearisome to him, having so helpful a yoke fellow at home to receive and comfort him. If he were sick, she was his best messenger to the physician, and the best instrument for recovery. For why? She took him not only for health and prosperity; but for sickness and disasters.

She never crossed her husband in any management or education of children; but joined with him in reproofs and corrections. And yet, as the case required, she proved the mediator, alienating both the extremity of words and blows. In case of any ill news, instead of blaming him, she kept off sorrow, and wiped away his tears, avoiding what might vex, and only doing what would give him contentment; in fine, bearing a part of the common burthen. Here was a wife indeed, much unlike those now a-days, I fear; and yet, if we may believe the newspapers, often even young ladies are married "with every qualification to make the marriage state happy." But I fancy, Mr. Gossiper, with submission, that this character is not always a true one. However, you should know best; and a word in your ear, I intend, in about six or seven years, if it please God I live so long, to scrape acquaintance with you, in order to be introduced to something very accomplished; though, as I said before, you'll find me a difficult fellow; for your boarding school misses will not do.

You know my mind; therefore, in the mean time, I remain,

Mr. Gossiper,

Your humble servant,

JUVENIS.

MR. GOSSIPER,

Having, from the nature of my station in life, had an opportunity of remarking several foibles in both sexes, particularly such as the French call *Niaiseries*, I have observed there are few things which render people more ridiculous than an awkward imitation. These mimicks of the weaknesses of others, I am disposed to distinguish by the epithet of *Wrongheads;* for they expect the same effect from quite different causes. Because two open clock'd stockings give some advantage to Will. Spindle's legs, my friend Jack Millpost (whose supporters are as thick as Mr. Spindle's body, and as even as a turned pillar,) immediately procures a pair richly embroidered, which makes his legs look as if the calves were placed at his ankles. Miss Sprightly is very pretty; and a Grecian *chevelure* is to her very becoming; therefore Miss Gooseskin, who is in her grand climacteric, who has not fewer wrinkles in her face than infirmities in her body, nor fewer infirmities than vanities, by an imitation of this young lady's dress, exposes herself to the ridicule of all who see her. My friend Jem Wheedle, is a soft, goodnatured fellow; and may be cajoled into any thing: his wife has found the blind side of him, and, by a pretended submission to his will, makes him a slave to her humour, while he thinks he is the most despotic husband in Europe. She calls him her *Timmy;* and when she has any design on him, talks in the strain of a child; a charm which binds up all his faculties, and makes him condescend in the same nonsensical tone to whatever demands his *own dear Pupsy Mupsy* can at that time enjoin. 'Squire *Shrimp* is one of the least men in England. Colonel *Firebrand*, six feet high, possessing a fine figure, was bred up in the army from a boy, and has acquired a martial air, which to him is natural and easy. This gentleman has purchased a house near the 'Squire's seat, who ever since their acquaintance has

worn a black silk round his neck, shaped the beard of his upper lip into smart whiskers, caused his clothes to be made in military costume, put on a fighting face with all his friends, and looks with anger upon every stranger. These airs, his diminutive figure, and his character, have made him the jest of all the county, though he was esteemed before as an honest, hospitable country gentleman. Now as most, I may say all, these *Wrongheads* overact themselves, and outdo what they would imitate, I call upon you, Mr. Gossiper, to whisper in the ears of such young fellows as the French call *Petits Maitres*, that they would render themselves more estimable in the opinion of sensible people by adhering to the character nature intended them to support, instead of deviating from truth and right reason by affecting a contrary deportment.

Your's, Mr. Gossiper,

WILLIAM STEADY.

ANECDOTE,

OF PETER THE GREAT.

Peter the Great was one day in a boat laden with earthenware; the encouragement he endeavoured to give to commerce, made him consider nothing that related to it unworthy his attention. As he was going over the boat, and examining its contents, his foot slipped, and he fell into the midst of the earthenware, the greatest part of which was broken by his fall; he got up immediately, and declared that he was not hurt: "Yes," said the merchant, "but who will pay me for my earthenware?" The Czar took out of his pocket a ducat, and gave it to him. This sum may appear a small indemnification from an emperor to a potter.

THE CRITIC.

NO. III.

In my last paper, I promised to give some more particular directions concerning the use of figures; wishing, however, to preserve variety, and to escape being tedious, I shall confine my observations to the compass of a short essay.

As many excellent authors have already written fully upon this subject, my chief business will be to select the best of the rules which they have laid down; and, in illustrating these by examples which have fallen under my own notice, I may hope that my want of originality may not make my paper uninteresting.

I intend to dwell chiefly upon metaphor; the figure most common, and in which propriety is most frequently transgressed.

Every ornament should be suitable to the subject which it is to adorn. A fine lady must not be clothed in sackcloth, nor a bust of Diogenes decked with trinkets. This reasonable limit is very often overstepped by those who are profuse of metaphor: Hervey, describing a Winter's morning, says—

"The hedges are richly *fringed*, and all the ground is profusely *powdered*. The downward branches are *tassel'd* with silver."

Metaphors must never be vulgar, or disgusting; for they are intended to give beauty. The resemblance must always be clear, so that the pleasure it should give may not be overbalanced by the trouble which must be undergone to find the meaning. But metaphors are not to be founded on similiarities too evident; for such are never pleasing.

Metaphorical and literal expressions, or metaphors of different kinds, must not be mixed. We find this rule very frequently disregarded even in Pope, the most correct of English authors :—

" Deduct what is but vanity or dress."

ESSAY ON MAN. Epis. 2, S. 1.

" Vanity" and " dress" are here metaphorical words, for the useless ornaments of science, and deduct is a term of arithmetic.

" *Expunge* the whole, or *lop* th' excrescent parts."

ESSAY ON MAN.

The same thing cannot be expunged and lopped, as one would infer from this line.

" Reason's comparing balance rules the whole."

ESSAY ON MAN.

A balance can only figuratively be said to rule, so that this is heaping metaphor upon metaphor.

No figures should ever be crowded, for this causes a confusion in the mind, which is always disagreeable. Observe the effect in this passage from Hervey's Winter-piece.

" Now the winds cease. Having brought their load, they are dismissed from service. They have wafted an immense cargo of clouds, which empty themselves in snow. At first, a few scattered shreds come wandering down the saddened sky. This slight skirmish is succeeded by a general onset."

Here we have first winds, then the winds are servants, afterwards winds again, and they bring a cargo of clouds; the clouds empty themselves in snow, that snow becomes shreds, and is at last metamorphosed into soldiers.

Metaphors must never be drawn from particular trades, or professions, otherwise they will be intelligible to a few only.

Lastly, they must not be pursued too far; for then they lose their effect.

Of personification little need be said; hyperbole should not be extravagant; the rules already prescribed for metaphor may be applied to comparison and allegory.

R.

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

ON AVARICE.

I know no vice more opposite to good sense than Avarice; for the avaricious man prostitutes his honour, his life, and even his soul, for the sake only of possessing treasures from which he derives no other advantage than the trouble of taking care of them; the uneasiness of keeping them, and the injustice with which he labours to increase them. He thinks himself master of his wealth, and perceives not that he is the slave of it! He has even such a respect for it, that he dares not touch it: he loves no one, no one esteems him; he does not esteem himself. In proportion as he fills his coffers, his indigence increases; so that, like a second Tantalus, he experiences, in the lap of opulence, the most frightful misery. It is doubtless a manifest effort of the divine justice against this vice, that the miser condemns himself not to make the least use of his affluence, that he may enjoy the poor satisfaction of leaving great riches to his heirs, whose most ardent wish is to see him in the grave. What a notorious folly it is, to give one self

Tant de peine à bien amasser,
Puis mourir tout, et puis tant laisser.

I remember to have read of a certain bishop, who was so avaricious, that he went himself by night to steal the oats from his own horses; and that this exemplary prelate was one night caught by his grooms, who, favoured by the darkness, and with the assistance of good cudgels, belaboured the back of the mitred thief most handsomely. I am sure there are misers silly enough to prefer dying of the cholic than to procure themselves relief at the expence of a little money.

Avarice is a vice, from which even the devil himself is

exempt, although it serves wonderfully to increase his dominion. This malicious spirit must be highly pleased to see men forsake God for so vile an article as gold, and lose their salvation for so trifling a thing as a little yellow earth. To conclude. "Lay up thy treasure according to the commandments of the Most High, and it shall bring thee more profit than gold." Eccles. c. 29.

ON MAGNIFICENCE IN DRESS.

I observe, that the great men of my time, as well as those of antiquity, have in general a contempt for magnificence of dress; and that this pomp of the world is seldom to their taste. It seems that true virtue derives its lustre from itself, and refuses to borrow from gold and silver a decoration which is only esteemed among women, fools, and the vulgar, who usually judge of a man by the quantity of gold and silver on his coat.

The man of real merit prefers usually a plain dress, since, while he wears it, it is lined with virtue, and despises those laced and embroidered trappings which are more fit to cover the body of a horse, or mule, than to serve as a burden for a human being. Neatness is becoming in a man; it denotes in general a clearness and exactness in his affairs; in the same manner excessive expence in dress is a mark of a little genius, which, wishing to distinguish itself by something, and having no other resource, applies to the shops; where, by dint of money, he finds wherewith to attract the eyes of the crowd, and the contempt of men of sense.

Cæsar said to those who came to inform him that Marc Antony and Dolabella were forming a conspiracy against him, "I do not much suspect persons so fat and so well combed; I am more afraid of those persons who are pale, thin, or ill attired;" meaning Brutus and Cassius, who were never tributaries to the shops and tailors, nor votaries to foppery and shew.

OF ALMS.

Happy is he who is able to bestow alms; wretched is he who must receive them: they in some measure efface sins; and become a treasure in the other world. The Holy Scriptures make mention of them in several places, and speak of their power and virtue.

It is certain, that the wealth employed in alms and works of charity is the only thing that a man can call his own of all he possesses here below; for when he dies, he must abandon all the rest; and can carry nothing with him but his good works. Alms may not improperly be compared to remittances made for eternity; where, at our arrival, we find them payable at sight.

I remember having read on this subject, that a certain Jew having been denounced to his sovereign as a very opulent man, was ordered by the prince to appear before him, with an exact account in writing of all his wealth. The Jew obeyed, and presenting himself before him, handed him a paper which contained the amount of five hundred thousand crowns; saying that was the whole of his riches. The prince appeared surprised at finding it so little, in comparison of what public report had stated him to be possessed of. The prince, suspecting him of having deceived him, gave him a severe reprimand for having had the effrontery to present to his sovereign an account so manifestly false; angrily adding, that his refusal to give an exact account of his wealth shewed plainly the honest means he had made use of to amass it. To which the Hebrew replied, that having only employed such a sum in alms during his life, he thought he possessed nothing more; but as that sum was in a place of safety, out of the power of fortune, or his sovereign, he might dispose of the rest as he pleased. I imagine that this reply moderated, in some degree, the avidity of the prince for the possessions of the Jew.

ENMITY REFINED,

A TALE.

ENDOWED with every virtue to dignify the female character, how often do we see women neglected, and even despised by their husbands, from a perversity of disposition that embitters every domestic comfort, and operates as a foil to the good qualities they possess. The following anecdote exhibits the effect of feminine irritability to such an extraordinary degree, that we hope it will have a tendency to correct any violence of temper in our fair readers, and make them, as by nature intended, the happiness of man.

Two country gentlemen, Sir Charles Roper, and Colonel Burford, equally wealthy and respected in society, conceived a sovereign hatred toward each other; this enmity was, in a manner, hereditary; their families having been at variance for nearly two centuries. Sir Charles had an only daughter, and Colonel Burford but one son. The eloquence of the most learned divines, and the counsel of their most intimate friends, were often employed, on favourable opportunities, to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. From a sudden impulse, Sir Charles Roper, without advising with any person, went to visit the Colonel; and, after the usual interchange of compliments, he solicited his son in marriage for his daugther. Colonel Burford, surprised at the request, with some feeling, exclaimed, "Is it possible that Sir Charles Roper, my determined enemy, can make such a request? It is surely a dream. Has the hatred you have so sedulously nourished expired? or does the offer, conveyed with so much apparent sincerity, only cover a snare for my destruction?" Sir Charles declared the sincerity of his intentions, and protested, that he had no other object in view, than the union of the young people. The Colonel, satisfied with his reply, returned, "I am not to be surpassed in generosity;

my heart tells me that our enmity is extinguished, and your wishes shall be fulfilled." The young people were then introduced to each other, and the marriage soon after concluded. The bridegroom was extremely amiable in point of character, and of a very prepossessing figure; the lady uncommonly beautiful, and elegant in her deportment. The reconciliation of the two families was the subject of astonishment to the whole neighbourhood, and the gossips in the parish conceived it a miracle. An intimate friend of Sir Charles having, upon the occasion, paid him a visit, after the customary congratulation, ventured to ask what extraordinary occurrence could have conciliated an antipathy that he had sworn to maintain to the last moment of his existence. "You know little of my character," answered Sir Charles, "if you conceive me capable of any weakness." The surprise of his friend was increased. "If your hatred to the Colonel still continues, why have you married your daughter to his son?" "It is," exclaimed Sir Charles, in a transport of violent passion, "because I execrate Burford that I effected the union. My daughter, in temper, is a very devil; her beauty, her wit, and accomplishments, are but instruments of her malignity; so much the more dangerous, as they present weapons with which no one can combat. I have educated her in retirement, I have concealed the depravity of her disposition; in her, I let loose against my enemies a fury animated with all my virulence. She will rend his heartstrings a thousand times a day, and destroy him by imperceptible means. Could I more effectually evince my implacability?" His prediction was in a little time accomplished. Sir Charles, exulting in his cruelty, had the pleasure of witnessing the death of his son-in-law, whose premature loss overwhelming his parents in the deepest affliction, soon brought them to the grave, and his daughter, who did not long survive them, appeared only, by the uncontrolable violence of her passion, to be sent into the world for the distraction of a most worthy family.

B.

THE FORCE OF AFFECTION.

ALTHOUGH long courtships, resulting from caprice, are seldom productive of connubial felicity, it is incumbent upon every female to be well assured of the affection of her lover, previous to entering into the marriage state; and frequently the greatest proof of sincerity often results from the slightest test. The following anecdote has a tendency to support such a position.

When Francis I. was made prisoner at Pavia, a gentleman named Bauregard was one of those who were obliged to effect their escape; and being unwilling to return to France, to witness the consternation that prevailed, he repaired to Turin; where, in a little time, he grew enamoured of a lady, named Aurelia. Bauregard was an accomplished cavalier; he excelled in military exercises; was elegant in person, and informed in mind; and of such engaging manners, that it was impossible to discourse with him, without feeling an interest in his fortunes. Aurelia was a female, possessing the attractions of her sex in a peculiar degree. In beauty, she was pre-eminent; and in wit and gracefulness of deportment very superior. Bauregard soon became smitten with her charms, and solicited her hand in marriage. Aurelia affected to disregard his passion: she incessantly reproached him with being a Frenchman, inheriting all the flightiness and insincerity of his countrymen. Bauregard assured her, that he was exempt from such defects, and declared himself capable of sustaining the greatest efforts to prove the force of his attachment. "Well then," said Aurelia, with much pleasantry, "I require you to be dumb for one year." Bauregard, in testimony of his acquiescence, answered only by a sign; and, on reaching his native seat,

explained himself to his servants only by nods and tokens. Every one thought he had lost his speech, and very sensibly deplored his misfortune. Physicians were sent for, who prescribed their remedies, which he refused, and on his visiting Aurelia, he observed the most perfect silence, testifying only by placing his hand to his heart, and by the expression of his eyes, the fervency of his regard. Aurelia appeared not to be moved by his fidelity, but ordered him to absent himself. He returned to France. On the liberation of Francis, Bauregard, who had been noticed by his sovereign, appeared at Court. The monarch, touched at his mischance, sent for the most skilful of the faculty, who proposed many prescriptions, which he affected to comply with, without success. He was then visited by certain empiricks, whom he amused in the same manner he had done the physicians, but they could effect no good.

Soon after, a female, professing to have a particular secret, applicable to the case, presented herself to the King, as a person who had performed very extraordinary cures. Her beauty struck the monarch very forcibly: he sent for Bauregard, who was even more suprised than the king, at the sight of the fair practitioner. "To shew you, Sire," said the pretended empiric, "the celerity with which I restore the loss of speech, by a single word I will accomplish the cure. Speak," said she, to Bauregard. Immediately the tongue of the Chevalier resumed its functions. It was Aurelia herself, whose heart relented, when she had been informed with what steadiness her lover had executed the order she had prescribed. Sensible now of the ardour of his affection, she repaid his constancy by a confession of the tenderest kind; and relating the particulars of this singular occurrence to the King, the lovers were united in marriage, with many expressions of regard for their future welfare by all who knew them. B.

ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. V.

ANTOINETTE D' ORLEANS.

Such is the construction of the human mind, when gifted with sensibility, that it frequently takes a religious bias from causes that, in obdurate bosoms, would inspire hatred and revenge. This lady, the daughter of the Duke de Longueville, who, at an early age, was no less distinguished for her virtue than her beauty, devoted herself to a life of sanctity from the following circumstance. A soldier, whom she employed to revenge the death of her husband, *Charles de Gondi*, (who was killed in the attempt to take Mont St. Michael by surprise) having been hanged, in despite of all her endeavours to obtain his pardon; she became soon after so disgusted with the world, that she retired to a convent, where she died in 1618.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

Gifted with very extraordinary personal charms, and with mental endowments of the first order,—scrupulous in matters of probity, and of manners the most refined, one quality only was wanting in this female to render her a model of perfection,—That was *Virtue*,—an ornament so essential to the female character, that the loss of it, nor beauty, grace, nor talents, can supply. It must, however, be admitted, that amidst her gallantries, Ninon observed as much dignity as if her actions had been regulated by the strictest rules of moral rectitude. Lively and animated in conversation, and accomplished in an uncommon degree, she maintained her attractions to an

advanced period of life, and, on finding the decrepitude of age stealing upon her, she used to say, "that if she had assisted at the councils of the gods at the time of the creation, she would strongly have recommended, that the wrinkles of women, like the weakness of Achilles, should have been placed in the heel." So sensible was she of her errors, while indulging in the gratification of her passions, that, to use her own words, she returned thanks to God, every evening, for the *mind* that he had blessed her with, and prayed that he would preserve her from the follies of her *heart*.

THE MARCHIONESS DE ASTORGA.

This lady rendered herself distinguished in society by an atrocious act of jealous fury. Her husband, the Marquis de Astorga, having fallen in love with a female of exquisite beauty, the Marchioness being informed of his intrigue, went immediately to her rival, with some armed attendants, and killed her with her own hand. She afterwards tore the heart from the bleeding body, which she dressed as a *ragout*, and placed it at table for her husband's dinner. When he had eaten of the dish, she asked him if the *ragout* was good; he answered it was excellent. To which, she returned, I am not surprised, for it was made of the heart of your mistress, whom you so tenderly loved. She then drew the head, still dripping with blood, from an *armoire*, and having rolled it upon the table to her husband, who was surrounded with his friends, she immediately disappeared, and shut herself up in a convent.

MADAME LA TOUR.

The female mind is no less susceptible of excessive tenderness than of implacable revenge. The husband of this lady having received his death at the hands of the Baron de Bournazil, he was thrown into prison, and the widow pursued his murderer with such rigour, that he was

condemned to be beheaded. Every exertion was for a time made to procure his pardon of the king, Charles IX. but in vain; all intercession was opposed by the Chancellor, and he prepared himself to meet his fate. It however happened, that the King, then in his youth, had conceived a partiality for De Bournazil, and from the representations that were made to him of the probity and gallantry of the Baron, combined with the solicitations of Mons. de Nemours, supported by the interference of the Queen, he was induced, at the moment he was led forth for execution, to spare his life. Madame La Tour, overwhelmed with grief and indignation at clemency, as she conceived, so unjustly exercised, took an opportunity the next day, as the King went to Mass, to prostrate herself before him. "Sire," said she, as she presented to his Majesty her son, a youth about four years of age, "since you have been pleased to pardon the murderer of the father of this child, I beseech your Majesty, from this moment, to extend your mercy to him, so that when he shall attain a proper age, to revenge his father's death, by killing his destroyer, it may be available." From that moment, Madame La Tour, every morning that she awoke her child, shewed him the bloody shirt that his father wore when he was assassinated by the Baron, and said to him three times, "Look at this well! and remember, when you are old enough, to avenge the wrong we have sustained, or I will disinherit you."

THE CZARINA CATHERINE.

During Lord Whitworth's embassy to the Court of St. Petersburgh, in the year 1704, he had a personal intimacy with the famous Czarina Catherine, at a time when her favours were not purchased, nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromised the rupture between the Court of England and the Czar, he was invited to a ball at Court, and taken

out to dance by the Czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, "*Have you forgotten little Kate?*"

LADY SUNDON.

Lady Sundon was bribed with a pair of diamond earrings; and procured the donor a good place at Court. Though the matter was notoriously known, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public. This being blamed in company, Lady Wortley Montague undertook Lady Sundon's *defence*. And pray, says she, where is the harm? I, for my part, think Lady Sundon acts wisely; for does not the *bush shew where the wine is to be sold.*

***

To take Spots out of Boards and large Tables.

FROM THE FAMILY ASSISTANT.

Make some ley of wood-ashes, and mix it with a few galls; then put it on the spots the evening before you intend to clean them. In the morning, rub the boards hard with a brush, and if it is a floor, you must do it on your knees. Let it be done with the grain, and take some fine sand at the second scouring: when they are dry, take a coarse woollen cloth, and rub them clean, until you see no spots remaining. When you have brought them to a right colour, and can distinguish the grain, then wash them with cold water and sand. Hot water must not be used, as it opens the grain of the boards, and hard water always spoils the colour.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

ANECDOTES, *hitherto unpublished, of the private* LIFE *of* PETER THE GREAT. *London, James Cawthorn.* Price Five Shillings.

Books of anecdotes have ever been appreciated by the desultory reader, particularly when they detail the actions, either public or domestic, of extraordinary men. The character of Peter the First, and his indefatigable exertions to promote the dignity of Russia, and the welfare of his subjects, have long been understood. The publication under review exhibits the temper and pursuits of the Czar in his more retired moments, and details many particulars in the life of this singular personage not previously known.

They are given, we are told, on the authority of Monsieur Stehling, who was a Member of the Council of State to the Empress Catherine, and who collected them from ocular or auricular witnesses, cotemporaries of Peter the First, and who had carefully subjoined, at the bottom of each anecdote, the name of the person from whom it had been derived, and who had guaranteed its authenticity. Monsieur Stehling's manuscript having been perused by *François Louis d'Escherny*, Chamberlain to the King of Wirtemberg, the contents of it were committed to writing by that gentleman, by whom they were afterwards published, with many reflections.

As every thing relating to a sovereign, who, with all his excesses, will ever retain an important place in the page of history, cannot fail of attention, we shall, without further preface, lay before our readers such occurrences as have a tendency to elevate rather than diminish our admiration for the founder of the grandeur of a nation which has recently so eminently distinguished itself, and to whose valour and military talents the Northern countries of Europe, in the event of a renewal of hostilities with France, look for a restoration of their liberties and independance.

The Czar Alexis Michailowistch was a widower; mild and affable in his manners, he lived in habits of familiarity with his nobles, and sometimes went without ceremony to dine with them. Happening, one day, to be at the house of a nobleman of the name of Matweof, he saw the cloth laid, and said to him, "Matweof, I will dine with you to-day, but upon condition that no one shall be displaced on my account." Shortly after, the wife of Matweof, a young man, and a young girl, entered the room, and seated themselves at the table. The Czar said little, and ate much, but looked still more at the young girl, with whom he was not acquainted. After dinner the following conversation took place.—"Matweof, I knew your wife, I had seen your son, but I did not know you had a daughter; you never mentioned her to me." "It is because, Sire, the young person whom you have seen is not my daughter; she is the daughter of one of my friends." "She is very pretty, and appears also very amiable."—"I can assure your Majesty that she is still more amiable than handsome; her temper is excellent; she is gentle, modest, and industrious."—"We must endeavour, Matweof, to marry her well; with her beauty, and such a character as you have given her, she deserves to have a good husband."—"I am endeavouring to find one for her, Sire; but it is not an easy thing, for fortune is, in these times, an indispensable requisite, and she has none."—"I will myself think of a suitable match for her; do you, also, look out for one, and in a few days, we will see each other again."

The Czar went away, leaving Matweof enchanted with his good nature and benevolence. Soon after, the Czar again saw Matweof, and said to him: "Well! have you succeeded in finding a match for your pretty ward?"—"Sire, I have thought of one or two that might suit her, but hitherto I have had no opportunity of making a direct proposal on her account, and, besides, I fear, as I have already told your Majesty, that her want of fortune will be an obstacle."—"Then I have made a greater progress in this affair than you, Matweof; for I think I have found a suitable husband for her, and I hope she will not refuse him. He is rich enough for both, good-natured, virtuous, and is provided with a good post."

Matweof, after ouring forth the most lively expressions

of gratitude, said, " Sire, may I venture to ask your Majesty upon whom your choice has fallen?"—" You shall soon know it; in the mean time, conduct me to your fair *protegée;* I will sound her myself." The Czar was introduced to her, and made her some equivocal offers, but without discovering himself. When he had left her, he took Matweof by the hand—" My friend," said he to him, " I will keep you no longer in suspense, I am more and more charmed with Natalia (for that was her name): the husband whom I design for her is myself." Matweof immediately threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and, after acknowledging the high honour intended for his ward, said to him, " Sire, I have brought up Natalia; she is in some degree related to me, and I rejoice in her good fortune, as much as if she were my own daughter, but as I may be accused of having employed art and seduction to induce your Majesty to such an alliance, I beseech you not to make known your intention immediately. Let the most beautiful young women of the empire be assembled, according to custom: Natalia will be admitted into the number: you can then declare your choice; and thus your Majesty will obtain your wishes without exposing me to the hatred and jealousy of the nobles and the court." The Czar approved of this expedient, and soon after proclaimed his intention of marrying again, and his desire of choosing a wife amongst the daughters of his nobles. Natalia was the object of his choice: he loved her; she returned his affection, and they lived in great harmony. He wished for a woman of simple and modest manners; he found one in Natalia. By her, he had Peter the First. She was called Natalia Kisilowna Narischkin.

The following anecdote is indicative of his respect for the laws, and of his sensibility.

One of the Empress's maids of honour was a Miss Hamilton, young, beautiful, and susceptible. Thanks to our prejudices, honour and pleasure are not, in a young girl, easily compatible with each other. Twice, stifling the feelings of nature, Miss Hamilton had concealed her weakness by destroying the fruits of it. A third innocent victim perished; but she had been suspected, and watched; her crime was clearly proved, and she was condemned to lose her head. Peter had not seen with impunity so many charms; he had loved her; she had made him happy: and Miss Hamilton, in her prison, a prey

to the most cruel reflections, might nevertheless hope to escape death, since she could reckon the Czar in the number of her lovers. The day destined for her execution arrived; she appeared upon the scaffold dressed in a robe of white satin trimmed with black ribbands: never had she looked so beautiful. The monarch approached to take leave of her; he embraced her, endeavoured to inspire her with courage, and said to to her, "I cannot save you, the law that condemns you is greater than I; trust in God, and resign yourself to your fate." Just at the moment when the Czar, much moved, had pressed her hand for the last time, and was leaving her, a single blow severed her head from her body, and terminated the life of the unfortunate Hamilton.

The above extracts shew the nature and object of this little work, which will be perused by the historical student with considerable interest. The style in which it is written is correct and perspicuous, and the several incidents are related in a manner that gives us no reason to doubt their authenticity.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR AUGUST, 1813.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. GREEN.

VARIETY, flitting from hue to hue, from costume to costume, reigns paramount in the habiliments of the English female; our *couturières* are not insensible of British valour, well knowing, that, next to military glory, the British fair is the prize for which Britons fight; every trophy, colour, or device, that can eulogize the Hero of Salamanca, of Cindad Rodrigo, and Badajos, is therefore adopted with avidity by the Ladies, in honour of his exploits.

We have this month given two fashions of dress figures, calculated for the *fête*, the *dejeuné*, or Vauxhall *promenade*; the first dress is a Vittoria boddice, of cerulean blue satin, *à l'Espagnole*, over a white crape dress, and petticoat of white sarsnet; a Spanish ruff of white lace; hair, *à la Catherina*, with a single bird of Paradise figure rising from a *bouquet* of diamonds. Shawl of Imperial Primrose, of real English manufacture.

The second figure has a plain dress, of white satin, worked round the bottom with pearls, or silver sprig; white shoes and gloves; hair as before.

LONDON FASHIONS for AUGUST 1813.

Published August 1 1813 by J.W.H.Payne.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE TEARS OF MEMORY.

Why should I court the glittering scenes of wealth,
Or proud Ambition's towering track pursue?
Can riches give me back the glow of health,
Or fame for me its hallow'd sweets renew?
No! sad and cheerless to my lingering view
The dull cold dreary waste of life appears,
Where disappointed hopes their chaplets strew,
In many a cypress wreath, embalm'd by bitter tears.

Affection, oft the solace of the soul,
To me no more one ray of comfort brings,
Wild o'er my troubled breast the tempests roll,
And clouds of anguish spread their darksome wings;
For oft, as pensive memory backward flings
Her hasty glance on long departed days,
Low on my ear their farewel cadence rings,
Till wearied fancy droops, and shudders at the gaze.

For many a fairy prospect's glittering beam,
Smil'd bright and cheerful on youth's opening day,
And blithe and jocund down life's silver stream,
My muse unruffled tun'd her roundelay;
But disappointed hopes have snatch'd away
The sweets that flutter'd on her golden wings,
And her wild harp once struck to notes so gay,
Wakes only to the sound of sorrow o'er the strings.

And sad and mournful are the notes that sweep
In many a cadence rude the chords along,
As wandering up some rough and craggy steep,
To echo's ear I pour my plaintive song;

Soft Zephyrs on their wings the strains prolong,
And as I pause on joys for ever fled,
The tides of anguish o'er my bosom throng,
And bitter are the tears in solitude I shed.

No more I wander through the daisied meads,
My heart unclouded by the pangs of care;
No more my youthful footsteps fancy leads
'Mid roseate bowers, and friendships cherish'd there;
For long since vanish'd are the prospects fair,
That deck'd the winding riv'let's grassy side;
And they deceiv'd, with whom I lov'd to share
Its solitary haunts at close of eventide.

Well might the poet ask in sober lay,
If friends existed more than in the name;
Perchance like me his hopes were led astray,
Perhaps his frenzied feelings were the same;
And that, like me deceiv'd, the flatt'rer came
His unsuspecting bosom's joys to share,
And when he'd kindled up the sacred flame,
Each golden dream destroy'd so fondly nestled there.

Oh! what the bosom's whirlwind can controul,
Or one calm tranquillizing ray afford,
When mere professions riot on the soul,
And wither all it shelter'd and ador'd.
Sure heav'n's destructive bolt, with vengeance stor'd,
Terrific hovers o'er a scene so rude,
And unrelenting falls the sweeping sword,
When man his friend betrays by base ingratitude.

Reader! whoe'er thou art, if at the shrine
Of proffer'd love thy high-born spirit bends,
To this stern truth thy listening ear incline,
They are not so who call themselves thy friends;
They court thee but to serve their own mean ends;
With no congenial warmth their natures glow,
And ere the cutting proof thy bosom rends,
Suspect them all, all false, for I have found them so.

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LINES

Hastily written after a Perusal of a Work containing Arguments in Favour of Atheism.

MYSTERIOUS thoughts! say, whither would ye tend?
How have ye dragg'd me from each brighter path,
Each soothing hope, that late with radiant beam
Pour'd comfort down to bless the toils of life!
Say, is it thus ye teach me, is it here
Ye bring my wand'ring footsteps—to a maze
Where hope expires, a wilderness of woe,
A gloomy desart, that appals with doubt,
And distant far, and farther yet would lead,
Till Heaven itself were shrouded from the view,
And deep'ning horrors plunge the fainting soul
In all the hideous gulf of black despair?
Oh, Reason! *godlike* only when with God
Thou walkest,—glorious only, great and wise,
When trusting in his *goodness* and his *pow'r!*
Depart from these, forget the mighty skill
That rear'd creation from insensate void;—
Forget the sparkling sun, the lucid orbs
That gleam refulgent thro' the silent night,
As rolling on they speed their circling course
Still as in ages past, nor devious yet
Have marr'd with erring flight their destin'd track;—
Forget the beauteous earth, the vaulted sky,
The boundless ocean tossing to the winds,*
The varied seasons, and with impious tongue
Dispute the feebler wonders of thy God,
And mock them as the idle tale of things
Beyond the reach of nature, truth, or pow'r?—
The world may style thee "*wisdom*," and applaud

* "The mountain forest tossing to the storm."

Thy bold research, that fain would seem to judge
The works of Heaven,—may praise the daring hand
That, stretch'd aloft, would burst the sacred bonds
Of rigid virtue, and exalting high
The grosser thoughts, the proud conceits of man,
Shake from his stubborn neck the hallow'd yoke
Of pious rev'rence to the better will
Of him that made us—round thy rebel throne,
Elate and towering, as in freedom's joy,
May gladly flock, obsequious to thy word,
And heedless following where thy voice directs,
Pronounce thee fit, unaided and alone,
To trace the line of error and of truth.—
Mistaken guide! shall wisdom be the name
Thy merits ask?—Methinks 'twere juster far
To call thee madness! reason thou art not,
Or reason chang'd indeed, and, ah! like him
Who erst "defied th' Omnipotent to arms"—
A fallen angel!—fallen from the height
Of native splendor, and befitting well
The subtle purpose of that wary foe
Who long had watch'd thee, and with envy pin'd,
With malice, and with rage; nor wanting then
Glad triumph and delighted victory,
Soon as he saw thee quit thy guardian shield,
Thy hold of refuge, strongest when alone:
On heaven thy stay was rested, and thy trust
Repos'd secure; weakest when, erring thence,
Thy giddy feet would tempt the dang'rous maze,
The thorny labyrinth of bewild'ring doubt,
Of mysteries seeming dark, and solemn things
That stagger each enquirer, not confirm,
Because not *understood*;—and must we thence
Proclaim them *false*?——Oh, ye, the hapless slaves
Of baneful error and of foul mistrust,
Ye toiling crowds, who long have vainly sought
To pierce with mortal ken the sacred gloom,
Through wide creation roll the searching glance,
And say, can still your stubborn hearts recoil

From wonders such as these, when scatter'd round,
On ev'ry side, equal, or greater far,
Burst on the ravish'd view, if right esteem'd,
The works ye gaze at?—Oft in secret move
The wise intents and purposes of Heaven,
Alike beyond the reach of human thought,
E'en as of human sight;—perhaps conceal'd,
Now, as at first, that they may serve on earth
As trials of that faith we justly owe,
As covenants ordain'd 'twixt God and man,
The symbols of our piety and trust!
Parent of light and life! forbid that e'er
Reason, thy noblest gift, should madly seek
To mar thy blest design, quell the proud thought
That fain would judge the secrets of thy word,
Recal the straggling wand'rers of thy fold
Back to thyself, and teach the erring heart
'Tis wisdom to adore thee! Nature sings
Through all her works of thee; in all display'd
I view thy boundless pow'r; in all I trace
Thy goodness, and thy mercy shining fair!
Then come, bright Faith! thou guardian seraph, come!
And shedding down thy radiance, scatter far
The shades of impious doubt; unclouded, pour,
Full on my darken'd soul, thy kindling ray,
And ev'ry hope exalting, ev'ry hope
Confirming, that on heav'n would lean for rest,
So rule my heart, that I may learn to bow
In meek submission to the will of him
Who form'd us for his glory and our own!
A glory best bestow'd, and best acquir'd,
When most we seek to praise him, when estrang'd
From ev'ry human pride, we tread the paths
Of holy virtue, still reposing firm
Our trust on him, whose *goodness* and whose *pow'r*,
Confest through all his wonders, reign supreme.

ALTIDENS.

SONNET.

'Tis vain! no more amid the fickle crowd,
With aching heart, and sadly-roving eye,
I'll seek for peace; no more where laughter loud,
And boisterous mirth, assume the name of joy,
For cheerfulness I'll seek: they are not there;
'Tis mockery all, and impotence, and woe.
No! I will seek them where the world's false glare
Can never taint the source from whence they flow.
Deep in yon lovely vale, where violets bloom,
My bower I'll set beside some gentle stream;
There muse on dangers past, and bliss to come,
And hold the world, and all its woes, a dream.
Then, in that lovely vale, unknown, unseen,
My days shall sweetly flow, in solitude serene.

LOUISE.

SONNET,

WRITTEN DURING A LATE EVENING WALK.

See, now the West, ting'd with the parting ray,
Throws o'er the landscape round its golden gleam;
Soft sheds the evening-star its silvery beam,
And seems to bid my lingering footsteps stay,
Awhile through these delightful shades to stray;
While Fancy, wak'ning from her airy cell,
Binds fast my willing soul with magic spell,
And breathes a brighter radiance than the day.
Come, then, sweet sylph! with thee I'll wander far,
Nor heed the darkling glooms that round me lie;
Blest in the brilliance of thine ardent eye,
I'll e'en forget the world's corroding care;
Forget that once I knew no anxious fear,
Forget that ever I have shed a tear.

A.

THE EMIGRANT.

WHY mourn ye, why strew ye those flow'rets around,
To yon new-sodded grave, as your slow steps advance?
" In yon new-sodded grave, ever dear be the ground,
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France!"

And is the poor stranger at rest from his woe?
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village-mourners! my tears too shall flow,
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, though broken his heart;
No comfort, no joy, his own heart could elate,
Though comfort and joy he to all would impart.

Ever joyless was he 'midst the joys of the plain,
Still foremost was he mirth and pleasure to raise;
And how sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days.

One comfort had he in his straw-cover'd shed,
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim;
One tear of delight he could drop o'er the bread,
Which he'd share with the poor, tho' still poorer than him.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep,
From the feast, from the wake, from the village-green dance;
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance;
One flower from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop o'er the grave of the exile of France.

M.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

Who died June, 1813, *aged* 19.

If manly sense with female softness join'd,
A heart to nature true, a soul refin'd;
If beauty, wit, or innocence, could save
The fair possessor from an early grave,
This lovely maid, in flow'r of vernal bloom,
Had not been summon'd to the silent tomb.

For, reader, she had virtue, wit, and grace,
A mind enlighten'd, and an angel's face;
Her form, her wit, by ev'ry eye admir'd,
The purest passions of the soul inspir'd;
But frail, alas! is all on earth we prize,
Here, struck by fate, the beauteous Emma lies.

Weep, virgins, weep! Ye gay, admonish'd, turn,
And with meek Pity's offerings deck this urn;
And while around unnumber'd friends deplore
That she who life adorn'd shall charm no more,
Oh may this thought affliction's pang remove,—
The beauteous Emma lives in bliss above!

B.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The esteemed communication of A. shall appear in our next.

Mr. F.'s letter, containing a portion of a novel, has come to hand. His wishes will be readily complied with, should his writings be approved; we therefore request the whole of his romance, that we may form our own judgment as to its moral and extent.

Oscar's poem is postponed solely on account of its length. J. M. B. shall meet with an early insertion.

We take the letter of Argus in good part, and feeling ourselves flattered by his commendation, shall attend to his hints. Argus must, however, be sensible, that we cannot dictate to our Correspondents, much as we should rejoice to see them excel in originality of conception and purity of style.

Ora, Edith, O. and other articles, are under consideration.

*** Reuben will find a packet for him at our Publisher's.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

H R Cook, Sculp.

Mrs. BEHN.

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